

PAPER FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

CURRENT TOPICS

There has been dreadful heat in the middle and eastern states and in Montreal. Many people have died and have suffered terribly. Here we have had pleasant summer weather. The children at the beaches are having a delightful time and it is not too hot to enjoy the holiday at home.

Not long ago we read about a rebellion in the north of the North Sea. Now we hear that on Monday the capital, Port au Prince, was almost destroyed by fire and that the ammunition stored in the city caused a number of terrible explosions. There will not be much suffering, however, as it is not too hot to want of shelter, but it will be some time before the city will recover from such a disaster.

There is rebellion in the Central American state of Honduras and the rebels are marching from city to city capturing them as they go. The plan of the rebels is to make a confederation of Honduras, Guatemala and Salvador and then to attack Nicaragua. These Central American republics are not yet ready for the temple of peace which Mr. Carnegie wished to build in that part of the world.

The Japanese have erected a monument to the Russian defenders of Port Arthur. Japanese and Russian generals will attend the ceremony of unveiling the monument. It is pleasant to see that there is really peace between these two brave nations. The war was a terrible and a costly one. The Japanese are suffering from the poverty that always comes after a great war but they bear their troubles bravely.

The death of the old trainer and athlete Robert Foster brought tears to the eyes of many a strong man and bright boy when on Monday the news of his death spread through the town. For many years he has lived in this city and was known to all lovers of sport. His death brings home the lesson that we should never neglect an opportunity of showing a kindness to the living. All that we can do after the spirit has passed away from the earth is as nothing compared with the loving attentions we can show to the sick, the suffering or the lonely who can be helped by our neglect or cheered by our sympathy.

Fancy a man rich enough to hire a big steamer and then take a trip round the world with his friends! That is what Col. Thompson made a great fortune out of the steamer company. He has done this year. He called at Victoria on his way back to New York. The ship is called the Minoela and she came into the Royal Roads on Sunday. Since she left New York last November there are few places of interest at which this pleasure steamer has not cast anchor. If you want to follow her course you should, if you have not done so already, read the article on page 2 of Tuesday's Colonist. Then try to imagine the different scenes and the variety of people seen by these tourists.

It will not be long before the people of British Columbia will be more than ready to pick their fruit. Our first crop is growing very fast. People have only begun to understand that we have one of the finest fruit countries in the world. An orchard needs care and attention, but the labor is not so hard as the best sort of trees or plants are put in the return is sure. But the strawberries, the raspberries, and the cherries and the plums and the grapes are good to eat and they are worth very little. In California much of the fruit is picked and packed by boys and girls and even young ladies and gentlemen who are home for their holidays. Many of them earn enough in this way to pay their college fees for the next year.

Count Zeppelin, whose airship has been sailing over the lakes and mountains of Switzerland, has had a king and queen on board. The king is King Wilhelm of Wurtemberg which is a part of the German Empire. He lies close to Switzerland. A small part of the beautiful Lake Constance is situated within this kingdom. The king and queen were staying at a castle on the banks of this lovely lake when Count Zeppelin's airship made its ascent. When the Count found that his airship was over the castle he read the names of a trip with him. His majesty was so delighted that he persuaded the queen to try a short flight and she was as much pleased as her husband. The name of this king is Wilhelm and the queen is Charlotte. How many children can find on their maps Lake Constance, and the kingdom of Wurtemberg?

Commander Peary is off again on his quest for the North Pole. This time his ship is called the Roosevelt and she is commanded by Commander Peary. The president of the United States came to bid Commander Peary good-bye and to wish him success. It will be many a day before the adventures of Commander Peary and his wife and girl and boy after he has parted with them at Sydney, Nova Scotia. It does not seem as if there was much to be gained in traversing the miles of ice and snow or the sea of open water that lies between the highest latitude reached and the North Pole. Commander Peary has had much experience of Arctic travel and should find the pole if any one can. Nothing great was ever done by being satisfied to leave off before we have reached our end.

In the United States little is talked about except the Presidential election. The people are beside themselves with excitement and growl and yell and men shout and scream and cheer like a lot of school boys. At the Convention held in Denver, Colorado, Mr. Bryan was nominated as the Democratic candidate for president of the United States. From November till November each party will use every effort to get its candidate elected.

It is said now that the Mexican raid was little more than a riot of a number of men driven to desperation by hunger. It is hoped that it will be found possible to give the men employment.

In another part of the country the Mexican troops are fighting with the Indians who have taken refuge among the mountains.

Nearly 60,000 people have come to Canada this year than last. The news that there was war and suffering in Canada last winter kept many away. It is besides, becoming understood in England that such a lazy people are not wanted in this country. It is a good place for strong men who are ready to suffer hardship at first if they see that they can have an easy life will be greatly disappointed. There is promise of a splendid harvest and every day is making it more sure. An army of men will be needed on the prairie to harvest the grain. In August and September of every year thousands of young men from the eastern provinces come to help the prairie people out their grain. These are the industrious young fellows. Sometimes they take the money home and pay off their debts and then they go back to the land. But very often they fall in love with the prairie and come back to take up homesteads as they call the free farms which the government gives them. Many of the best settlers in Alberta and Saskatchewan first came out on the harvest excursions. It is a grand sight to see the miles of waving grain ripening in bright sunshine and fresh breezes.

Canadians have always been proud of the way the government has dealt with the Indians. Everything has been done to make their life as comfortable and happy as was possible. They have been given land and often supplied with food. Schools have been placed on the reservations and in some of them the children are taught trades and farming. In British Columbia the natives make their own living and do not often need special help from the government. In some places, as in Victoria, the land set aside for a tribe is in or near the city. This is very bad for these people. They learn the evil ways of the white man and the white people and mix their lives out of door life. It would be much better for them if, when a city is built near the Indian reserve, the tribe be sent to a distance from the city. But the Indians like many other people do not always know what is best for them. A few days ago a fault was found with the Vancouver where are Indian reserves which are doing the Indians no good and preventing the improvement of the part of the city where they live.

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of them all must employ a great number of people and cost a large sum of money. So long as this money is honestly expended for the good of the Indians no one ought to complain. When their old hunting grounds are turned into fields of waving grain or form the sites of great cities the inhabitants of this beautiful land of Canada should find the Indians come as suitable to their needs as is possible.

Last week and this officers of the British navy are trying to show to England and to the world that their ships are able to defeat any force that can be brought against the coast of the country. In the North Sea and in the English Channel more than three hundred ships are taking part in mock warfare. It is said that the admiralty is trying to find out whether or not the fleet could destroy the German navy if it tried to attack it or to land on the shores of England. Though there will, of course, be no real fighting done the officers hope to find out just what the fleet can do. On the result of this will depend whether more new ships need to be built or not. We can scarcely hope that the mighty ships which are being built by every country in the world will be allowed to grow old. There will it is to be feared, be a terrible war some day before anything is done. The try few loving people know anything of the horrors of war, but it is a great war among the nations and Canada can scarcely hope to escape taking sides with the mother country.

Most boys remember the story of how Lord Nelson, before the battle of Copenhagen when Admiral Vincent gave the signal which would have prevented a

It began in the fourth inning, with the score tied and the adherents of each college standing on tiptoe watching Cole's crack base-runner trying to get in with the run that should place the visiting team ahead. This base-runner, whose name was Conner, had made a fine drive of the ball into deep centre field for two bases, and was now playing far off, in a desperate attempt to "steal" third. Twice the Prescott pitcher, who was watching the bases narrowly out of the corner of one eye, had whirled about with the ball and almost caught Conner napping by a swift throw to the base. There were two Cole men on the base, and two more would retire the base if he could get a long start from second base before the ball should be hit.

The Prescott pitcher drew back his arm. Conner took a generous lead and started madly for third base the moment the ball was pitched. Drayton ran to the bag, the catcher caught the ball and whisked it down to third and into Drayton's hands like a shot.

Twenty feet from the bag Conner took the only chance left him to reach there safely. He dropped the ball and gave a terrific plunge, and by the space of a hair's breadth Drayton's hands as the latter whirled with the ball to touch him out.

The crowd broke into a roar of conflicting cheers and clamors for the umpire's decision. The noise was so great that nobody could hear what it was. Was Conner out or safe?

Drayton stood with the ball in his hand, looking at the umpire. Conner lay sprawled at full length on the ground, one hand clutching the bag. The um-

denounced Drayton for the biggest dunce that had ever appeared on the Prescott diamond. They even insisted that his admission should receive no attention from the umpire—that it should pass as untechnical and out of order on the ground that the umpire had already decided the play beyond recall before Drayton had spoken.

But the umpire shook his head. He declared that the testimony of one of Prescott's own men was sufficient to change his decision, as it was obvious that the runner had reached the base safely if the opponent guarding the base said so. It might be untechnical, but his notion of the game was that both colleges wanted the play decided on its merits playing. Therefore he would reverse his decision, glad to have been apprised of his error, and thankful that he had been spared the deplorable accident of giving the game to Prescott unjustly.

Nothing much could be said to this. What little was said Drayton himself uttered.

"I was told yesterday," he said to Saunders, "that nothing but a square game was allowed at Prescott. I warned you that I had played baseball before and knew the weaknesses of the game. There is only one 'is out' on my side; neither do I want an opponent called out if he isn't out. That might be a triumph of deception, but it wouldn't be a triumph of skill, rather than one of deception."

"Don't argue with him," advised Dayle. "There's no use talking from two different points of view on

from their bench and threw their caps into the air. Would he be able to make it? The ball was recovered and thrown toward the diamond just as Drayton tore round the third corner and started for the plate. Cole's second baseman caught and sent the ball whizzing across the diamond to the Cole catcher, who stood quivering to receive it and block the coming Drayton before he should reach the rubber plate.

Down came the runner, slap came the ball into the catcher's big glove. It was a great and true throw from the Cole second baseman, and it was a great slide which carried Drayton round behind his plate a quarter of the second before the catcher could reach him with the ball!

If there had been a pandemonium of hoists from the crowd before, there was a bedlam now. The umpire had been unable to see Drayton touch the plate owing to the cloud of dust raised by the slide, and was hesitating whether to call him out or safe. The crowd was shouting and waving their arms. The umpire meant the game for Prescott. "Out" meant that the score was merely tied.

The crowd suddenly realized that the umpire was hesitating, and fell silent.

"Did you touch the plate or not?" he asked abruptly. "I touched the plate," came the reply, with extreme distinctness.

And then the crowd knew in a flash that the game was won. Drayton would be believed.

The decision followed as the Prescott contingent swept down with the cheers of victory thrilling across the field.

"You are safe," said the umpire to Drayton.

On one of the Cole nine dissented—"which fact," said Saunders, at dinner that evening, "going to show that Drayton's scheme worked better than those would have done, after all. We should have had those Cole chaps squabbling over the decision for the next six months, whereas now they are satisfied and champing."

"Most fellows are satisfied to be beaten fairly," said Drayton.

FOR THE LITTLE TOTS

The next morning the little cub bear awakened very early and as soon as he had rubbed his eyes he wondered if any of the animals would come that day.

Pretty soon he heard something coming up the path, and the little cub bear rushed to the top of the den to see what it was, and he said, "I see a very strange animal coming up the path. It has the most beautiful fur I ever saw in my whole life, ever so much finer than bear's fur, and the animal looks color, and it has the funniest eyes I ever saw. It is a shoveler, flat and broad." Just then the owl saw the animal and said, "Who-o? Who-o?" But the animal didn't answer at all. He went on and he slipped with his broad, flat tail on the ground, slap, slap, slap, and he went on until he had reached a great tree. He bit and he bit and he bit, and the chips fell, and the first thing they knew the tree fell over.

Then he went to another tree, not a very large tree, only about so thick (three inches). Then he went to another tree, and he bit and he bit and he bit, and the first thing they knew that tree fell over. So he kept on and on until he had cut down a great many trees, so that they fell into the water and came clear across the stream. The next morning when he awoke, the water had filled up above the dam and made a beautiful lake. Soon the beaver went to work, and made a house out of mud. He used his hind feet, and he used his hind feet to make a beautiful mud house, big enough to live in himself, and big enough for little cub bear to get in, if he could only get in without getting wet. And the little cub bear said, "Thank you, very politely." And then he said, "I am very glad my brother was good to Mr. Beaver in the circus."

As soon as they had seen the dam built by the beaver, all of the animals began to work again as hard as they could work to make the cave larger, because it was too small for the animals that were already there, and the elephant could not get in at all. The next morning the beaver and the owl and the monkey were sitting together, and the beaver said, "I am going down to live in that beautiful mud house that I made yesterday in the lake. The house has several rooms inside, and the door is under the water and comes up inside the house. No one can get in there, when I am swimming around in the lake or working on the dam, if I see any one coming I will jump into the water and hit the water with my slaps with my tail." And the monkey said, "Yes, I know how that sounds. That sounds like a gun." The owl said as soon as he saw any one coming he would say, "Who-o-o? Who-o-o?" So the beaver went down to the dam, and the owl and the monkey went out to see if he could find any of the animals, and the old owl flew up into the tree and sat on top of the tree and said, "I am very glad to see you, H. Wilbur in May-St. Nicholas."

WITH THE POETS

Little Middle Daughter
As I'm so sympathetic,
Dear mothers, heed I pray,
The little middle daughter's plea,
Which I send forth today.
So plump and round and dimpled,
So swift your will to do,
Please, when you buy the Christmas things,
Just buy her one thing new.

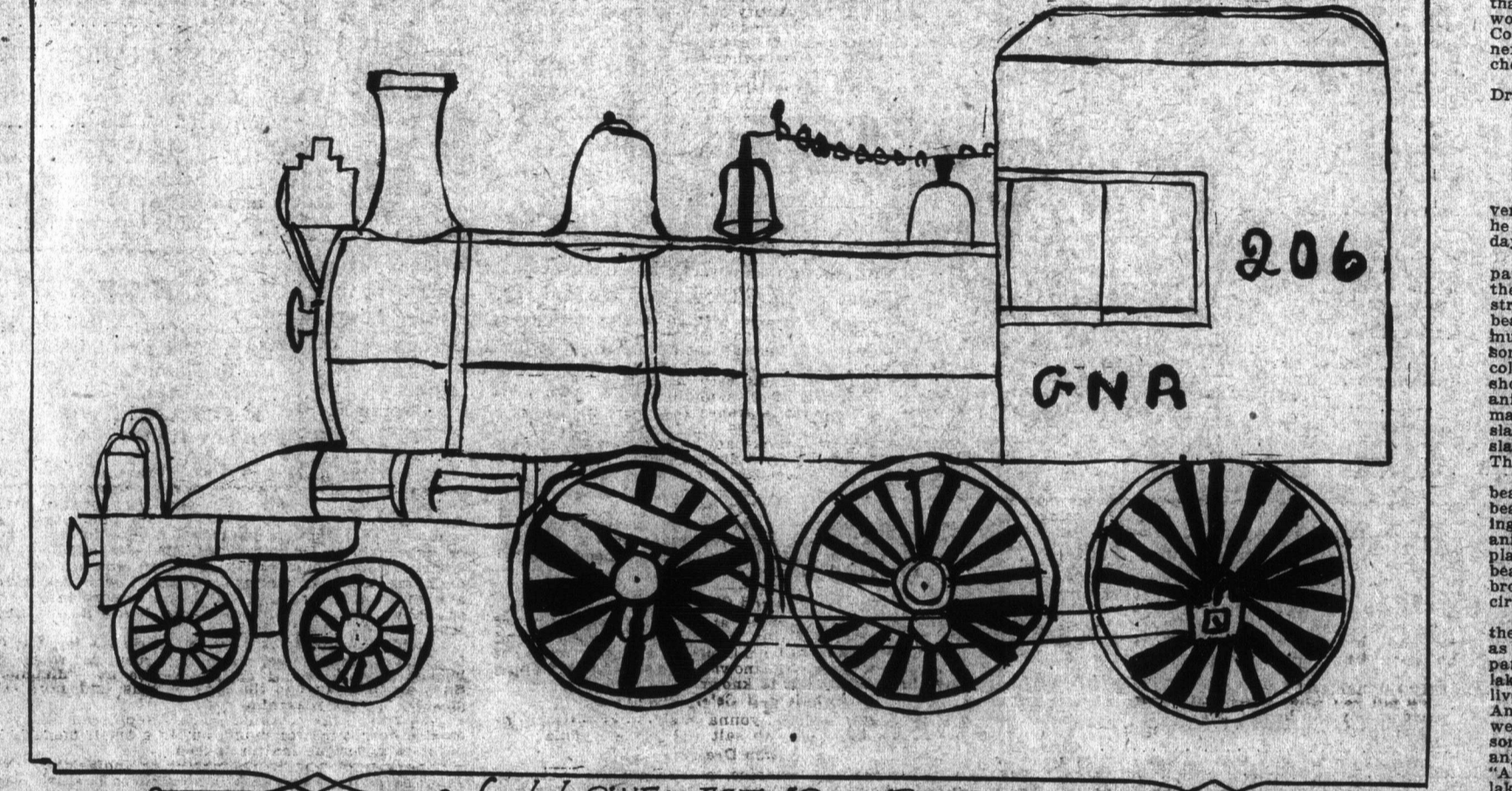
The little middle daughter,
Just eight years old today,
Her hair is bright as sunshine,
Her look is sweet as May.
So plump and round and dimpled,
So plump and round and dimpled,
The little middle daughter,
For a shade is on her brow.

"Please, would you like it, madam?"
The little maiden cries
And sometimes like a dewdrop
Is trembling on her eyes.
"To wear your sister's dresses,
But down for fitting you,
While Jessie, ten, and Kollie six,
Have always something new?"

"You see, when Jessie's gowns and caps
Are fashioned for me,
She's like a fairy queen,
And Jessie's like another.
And I'm the one between."

"I wish you'd tell my mother,
(Oh, not that I'm afraid,
Except to hurt her feelings),
That her little middle maid
Would be the gladdest being
If she might have from town,
Just once, and all her own,
A single whole new gown."

—Harper's Young People.



WHY DRAYTON WAS SAFE

(Continued From Last Week.)
When the team lined up against Cole on the following afternoon, everybody in the immense crowd behind the diamond knew that the man in King'sley's uniform was "the new chap from the mountains who saved the kid's life." But nobody had seen him play yet, nor did anybody seem to care much whether he played well or not. It was a big day for the "new boy from the mountains," no matter if he should let slip past him every ball that came his way, and strike out every time he came to the bat. He had proved himself a hero, and a hero is bigger than a mere ball-player any day in the week—even if it be a Saturday at Prescott College.

As it turned out, this was exactly what happened. The Prescott College ball team and a fine thing for the college in general.

the matter. Fire the umpire and let Drayton do the whole thing. I don't imagine the other side would object.

Conner scored on the next pitched ball, which was batted out safely. A moment later the slide was retired. The score now stood:
Cole, 3; Prescott, 1.
So it remained to the last inning. Then something happened.
Cole had its turn at the bat and had failed to increase its lead. It was now Prescott's final chance to tie the score or win.
Dayle came to the plate and struck out.
Browne followed with a lucky hit over second, and reached first base in safety. By a hazardous slide he advanced a base a moment later. Saunders came up and went out on a slow grounder to short stop. Drayton was the next man up. There were two out.

Saunders and all Prescott in unison roared up and